

# THE PRAISE, ANTIQUITY, and commodity, of Beggery, Beggers, and Begging.

By JOHN TAYLOR.

Beggers Bush.

A Haunting Begger.

A gallant Begger.



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# THE PRAISE AND VIRTUE of Beggary, Beggars and Begging.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.



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# TO THE BRIGHT EYE- DAZELING MIRROVR OF MIRTH,

Adelantado of Alacrity, the Pump of pastime, spout  
of sport, and Regent of ridiculous Confabu-

lations, ARCHIBALD ARMESTRONG,

alias the Court ARCHY.

**E**nnie and Hate are such daily followers, and dead-  
ly enemies, of the wise, honest, and vertuous, that  
my hope is, that they will neuer doe you wrong or  
iniurie: And my beliefe is, that (as you haue euer)  
you will alwayes carie your selfe so worthily in all  
your actions, that your best deserts shall neither merrit ennie or  
hatred. I haue heere made bold to present to your illiterate pro-  
tection, a beggerly Pamphlet of my threed-bare inuention: I doe  
assure you that I was more troubled in studying where to finde a  
fit Patron, then I was in writing the Booke; I thought to haue  
dedicated it to Eggers Bush neere Andouer, or to his Ham-  
thorne brother within a mile of Huntington: but I conside-  
red at last, that the laps of your long Coate could shelter me  
as well & better then any beggerly Thorne-bush. I did once de-  
dicate a Booke to your patronage, of the supposed drowning of  
M. Thomas Coriat, and I did also dedicate three small Trea-  
tises to a Leash of Knights; and because you all foure make a  
well match'd Murniuall of Patrons, (for you all alike very illi-  
berally put your hands in your pockets, and to make your monies  
euen, gaue me nothing:) It makes me the bolder at this time to  
come vpon you againe, not doubting but your bounty will require

A Cleeke.

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

my loue and paines with as much more. It may be that your high affaires (wherein you are continually pestered with needlesse imployments) rubs your minde quite from the Byas, that you doe not see in what a declining predicament your owne sometimes esteemed quality is: for the dayes hath bene that many men kept Fooles, but now (to save that charge) the most part of such Benefactors performe the function themselves: So that if you take not a speedy order, fooling will bee as common as begging or whore-maisters, and the sight or presence either of your worthy selfe, or any of your long-tailed tribe (which was wont to be seene and heard with admiration) will be no more regarded. To prevent which, I would counsell you to make a Corporation of fooling, and that none shall intrude into the society hereafter, but such as shall be Apprentizes to the quality, of which those that are now living, to contribute toward the building or purchasing of a Hall, your selfe (during your life) to be perpetuall Maister of the Company. I heare that the valarous Sir Thomas, Knight of the Sunne, hath had such a proiect in his head, and hath presumed to petition for himselfe, to haue the sole approbation of all authorized Fooles and Buffones. But for aught I see, you neede not feare that he will prevent you in this Monopoly, bee being so farre from the sufficiencie of a generall super-intendant, that he is esteemed unworthy to be a setter up of the trade: for mine owne part, a Beadles place is onely my ambition, to whip those out of the Society that are malapert fooles, sarcie fooles, prodigall fooles, courteous fooles, proud fooles, counterfeit fooles, or any one that is more Knaue then Foole. A part of Bridewell would serue fitly for a Hall, and the Armes of the brotherhood shall be an Asses head Dormant, in a field Gules, with a Bable and three Coxcombs rampant, and two morice-bels pendant, with a Whip passant lasbant for the Crest, the Escutcheon mantled with powdered Vermine. This if you please to take

in



## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*in hand, no doubt but the work will be meritorious and notorious, and as the Romane Emperours Nero, Caligula, and Heligabelus, are as famous for their acts, lines, and deaths, as the good Augustus, Alexander, Seuerus, and Marcus Aurelius: So shall you be remembered in succeeding ages beyond the memory of Scoggin, or worthy Will Summers. I pray you be not angry that I doe not salute you with the flattering Epeithites, of honest, courteous, friendly, louing, or kinde; for as yet you neuer gaue mee occasion to doe you any such iniurie: I protest Sir, I doe loue you with that affection as is correspondent to the vacuity of your worthinesse, and I am assured that at all times you will stand my friend in word or deede, for as much as comes to an vnbacked Tabacco-Pipe. In which assurance I kisse your hand as innocent as the new borne Babe, or Lamb in the Cradle, and shall euer wish you a nimble tongue, to make other mens money runne into your Purse, and quicke heeles to out-runne the or Hue and crie, if occasion require.*

He that admires your  
vnparallelable parts, and  
wisheth the reuerfion  
of your gaines rather  
then your Office:

*John Taylor.*

# The Epistle Dedicatorie.

in which no doubt but that the most excellent and  
 and as the Roman Emperor Nero, Caligula, and  
 Diocletian, were famous for their evil lives, and  
 the good Augustus, Alexander, Scipio, and Marcus  
 Julius: I shall not be recommended in (sacred) the  
 memory of Scipio, or worthy Virgil's summe.  
 do not deny that I do not (what you wish to) flourish  
 of health, contentment, (kindly) loving or kind; for as you  
 want gain more occasion to do you any such thing: I  
 Sir, I do love you with that affection as is correct of  
 variety of your worthiness, and I am afflicted at all  
 you with it and my friend in word or deed, for as much as  
 to an unbroken Tobacco-pipe. In which affluence I  
 found as innocent as the new borne Babe, or Lamb in the  
 and shall ever wish you a nimble tongue, to make other  
 money from into your purse and give the better to our  
 or the and vice if occasion require.

He that admires your  
 unparalleled parts, and  
 withers the fountain  
 of your gains rather  
 than your Office

John Taylor.





# THE PRAISE, ANTI- QVITY, AND COMMODITY of Beggerie, Beggers, and Begging.

**A** Begger from an Antient house begins,  
Oth. Old *Adams* sonne, and heire vnto his sins:  
And as our father *Adam* did possesse  
The world, there's not a Begger that hath Vniuersality.  
For whereof is the world compact and fram'd (lesse.  
But Elements, which to our sence are nam'd,  
The Earth, the Ayre, the Water, and the Fire,  
With which all liue, without which all expire.  
These, euery Begger hath in plenteous store,  
And euery mighty Monarch hath no more.  
Nor can the greatest Potentate aliue,  
The meanest Begger of these things deprive.  
The Earth is common, both for birth or Graues, Earth.  
For Kings, and Beggers, Free-men, and for Slaues;  
And a poore Begger as much Ayre will draw, Ayre.  
As he that could keepe all the world in awe.  
The Water, be it Riuiers, Seas, or Spring, Water.  
'Tis equall for a Begger as a King.  
And the Celestiall Sunne's bright fire, from Heauen Fire.  
'Mongst all estates most equally is giuen.

Antiquity of  
Beggers.

Earth.

Ayre.

Water.

Fire.

## The Begger.

If these  
elements  
could bee  
bought and  
solde, the  
poore beg-  
gers should  
haue small  
rooms for  
birth, life,  
or buriall.

Giuing not to be ingross, or bought, nor sold,  
For gifts and bribes, or base corrupting gold.  
These things nor poore or rich, can sell nor buy,  
Free for all liuing creatures, till they dye.

An Emperour, a great command doth beare;  
But yet a Begger's more secure from feare.

A King may vse disports (as fits the season)

But yet a Begger is more safe from Treason.

A Prince (amidst his cares) may merry be,

But yet a Begger is from flatt'ers free.

A Duke, is a degree magnificent,

But yet a Begger may haue more content.

A Marquesse, is a title of great fame,

A Begger may offend more, with lesse blame.

An Earle, an honourable house may keepe,

But yet a begger may more soundly sleepe.

A Vizcount may be honour'd and renown'd,

But yet a begger's on a surer ground.

A Barron, is a Stile belou'd and Noble,

But yet a begger is more free from trouble.

A Knight, is good (if his deserts be such)

But yet a begger may not owe so much.

A good Esquire is worthy of respect,

A begger's in lesse care, though more neglect.

A Gentleman, may good apparell weare,

A begger, from the Mercers booke is cleare.

A Seruing-man that's young, in older yeares

Of proues an aged begger, it appeares.

This all degrees and sta'es, what e're they are,

With beggers happinesse cannot compare.

Heu'n is the roofe that Canopies his head,

The cloudes his Curtaines, and the earth his bed,

The



## *The Begger.*

The Sunne his fire, the Starre's his candle light,  
The Moone his Lampe that guides him in the night.  
When scorching *Sol* makes other mortals sweat,  
Each tree doth shade a begger from his heat:  
When nipping Winter makes the Cow to quake,  
A begger will a Barne for harbour take,  
When Trees and Steeples are o're-turn'd with winde,  
A begger will a hedge for shelter finde:  
And though his inconueniences are store,  
Yet still he hath a salue for eu'ry sore,  
He for new fashions, owes the Tayler nothing,  
Nor to the Draper is in debt for cloathing:  
A begger, doth not begger or deceaue  
Others, by breaking like a bankrupt Knaue.  
He's free from shoulder-clapping Sergeants clawes,  
He's out offeare of Enuies canker'd iawes:  
He liues in such a safe and happy state,  
That he is neither hated, nor doth hate.  
None beares him malice, rancour, or despight,  
And he dares kill, those that dare him back-bite.  
Credit he neither hath or giues to none,  
All times and seasons, vnto him are one:  
He longs not for, or feares a quarter day,  
For Rent he neither doth receiue or pay.  
Let Nation against Nation warres denounce,  
Let Cannons thunder, and let Muskets bounce:  
Let armies, armies, force 'gainst force oppose,  
He nothing feares, nor nothing hath to lose.  
Let Townes and Towres with batt'ry be o're-turn'd,  
Let women be deflowr'd and houses burn'd:  
Let men fight pell-mell, and loose life and lim,  
If earth and skies escape, all's one to him.

## The Begger.

O happy begg'ry, enery liberall Art  
Hath left the thanklesse world, and takes thy part:  
And learning, conscience, and simplicity,  
Plaine dealing, and true perfect honesty,  
Sweet Poetry, and high Astronomy,  
Musicks delightfull heau'nly harmony,  
All these (with begg'ry) most assuredly  
Haue made a friendly league to liue and dye.  
For Fortune hath decreed, and holds it fit,  
Not to giue one man conscience, wealth, and wit:  
For they are portions which to twaine belong,  
And to giue all to one were double wrong,  
Therefore although the Goddesse want her eyes,  
Yet in her blinded bounty she is wise.  
I will not say, but wealth and wisdom are  
In one, ten, or in more, but 'tis most rare:  
And such men are to be in peace or warres,  
Adm'd like black Swans, or like blazing Starres.  
Two sorts of people fills the whole world full,  
The witty Begger, and the wealthy Gull:  
A Scholler, stor'd with Arts, with not one crosse,  
And Artlesse *Naball* stor'd with Indian drosse.  
I haue seene learning tatter'd, bare and poore,  
Whil'st Barbarisme hath domineerd with store:  
I haue knowne knowledge, in but meane regard,  
Whil'st Ignorance hath rob'd it of reward:  
And witlesse Coxcombs, I haue heard dispute,  
Whil'st profound Iudgements must be dumb and mute.  
*Apollo* with aduice did wisely grant,  
That Poets should be poore, and liue in want:  
And though plaine Beggers they doe not appeare,  
Yet their estates doth shew their kin is neere.

Wit, wisdom, wealth,  
and conscience, are not  
usually hereditary, or in  
one man.



## The Begger.

*Parnassus* Mount is fruitlesse, bare and sterill,  
And all the Muses poore in their apparell:  
Bare legg'd, and footed, with disheuel'd haire,  
Nor Buskins, Shooes, or Head-tires for to weare.  
So farre they are from any shew of thrift,  
They scarce haue e're a smock themselves to shift.

The barren-  
nesse of *Parnassus*.

*Homer*, that was the Prince of Poetry,  
Was a blinde Begger, and in pouerty:  
And matchlesse *Ouid*, (in poore wretched case)  
Exil'd from *Rome* to *Portus* in disgrace.

The pouerty  
or beggery of  
the Muses.

And *Manthuan Maro*, \* for some space in *Rome*,  
Was to *Augustus* but a Stable Groome:

His verses shew he had a learned head,  
Yet all his profit was but bread and bread.

\* *Virgill*, hee  
was borne in  
a ditch, and  
afterward be-  
ing in *Rome* in  
seruice with  
*Augustus Ca-*  
*sar*, to whom  
hee many  
times gaue  
learned ver-  
ses, and the  
Emperour al-  
wayes rewar-  
ded him with  
bread.

A Lowse hath sixe feete, from whose creeping sprawl'd  
The first Hexameters, that euer crawl'd:

And euer since, in mem'ry of the same,  
A Lowse amongst the Learned is no shame.

Then since the \* mountaines barren Muses bare,  
And Prince of Poets had a Beggers share:

Since their blinde Soueraigne was a Begger poore,  
How can the Subiects but be voyd of store?

A Lowse the  
ground of the  
first Hexa-  
meters.

What are their figures, numbers, types and tropes,  
But Emblems of poore shadowes, and vaine hopes.

Their allegories, similies, allusions,  
Threed-bare, doe end in beggerly conclusions:

\* *Parnassus*.

Nor can their Comedies and Tragedies,  
Their Comitragy, Traggecomedies,

No pastorall preterplupastorall,  
Their Morall studies, and Historicall,

Their sharp I-ambick, high Heroick Saphique,  
And all wherewith their painefull studies traffique:

## The Begger.

All these cannot allow a meane compleate,  
To keepe them out of Debt with Cloathes and meate.  
And though a Poet haue th'accomplish'd partes  
Of Learning, and the Axiomes of all Artes:  
What though he study all his braines to dust,  
To make his Fame linnmortall, and not rust,  
Reuoluing day by day and night by night,  
And waste himselfe in giuing others light,  
Yet this is all the Guerdon he shall haue,  
That begg'ry will attend him to his Graue.  
He (in his owne Conceit) may haue this blisse,  
And sing *My minde to me a Kingdome is.*  
But 'tis a Kingdome wanting forme or matter,  
Or substance, like the Moonshine in the water.  
\* *Chris. Marlo.* For as a learned \* Poet wrote before,  
Grosse Golde runnes headlong from them, to the Bore;  
For which this vnauoyded Vow Ile make,  
To loue a Begger for a Poets sake.  
I that ne're dranke of *Aganippes* Well,  
That in *Parnassus* Suburbs scarce doe dwell,  
That neuer tasted the *Pegassian* Spring,  
Or Tempe, nor e're heard the Muses sing,  
I (that in Vearse) can onely Rime and matter  
Quite from the purpose, Method, or the matter.  
Yet some for friendship, Ignorance, or pittie  
Will say my lines may passe, indifferent, pritty:  
And for this little, Itching, Vearsing vaine,  
With me the Begger vowes he will remaine.  
But if I could but once true Poëtry win,  
He would sticke close to me, as is my Skin.  
And sure if any man beneath the Sky,  
Had to his Nurse a Witch, it must be I,

For



## *The Begger.*

For I remember many yeares agoe,  
When I would Cry, as Children vse to doe:  
My Nurse to still me, or to make me cease  
From crying, would say hush lambe, prey thee peace.  
But I (like many other froward boyes)  
Would yaule, and baule, and make a wawling noyse,  
Then shee (in anger) in her armes would snatch me,  
And bid the Begger, or bulbegger catch me;  
With take him Begger, take him would she say,  
Then did the Begger such hard hold fast lay  
Vpon my backe, that yet I neuer could  
Nor euer shall inforce him leaue his holde.  
The reason therefore why I am not Rich  
I thinke is, cause my Nurse was halfe a witch.  
But since it is decreed that I must be  
A begger, welcome begg'ry vnto me:  
Ile patiently embrace my destin'd Fate,  
And liue as well as some of higher Rate.  
Yet shall my begg'ry no strange Suites deuise,  
As Monopollicies to catch Fleas or Flyes:  
Or the Sole making of all Butchers prickes,  
Or Corkes for bottles, or for euery sixe  
Smelt, Seacrab, Flounder, Playce, or Whiting mop,  
One, as a Duty vnto me to drop.  
Nor to marke Cheeses, Ile not beg at all,  
Nor for the Mouse-trap Geometrical.  
Nor will I impudently beg for Land,  
Nor (with Ambition) beg to haue Command:  
Or meate, or cloathes, or that which few men giue,  
Ile neuer beg for money whilst I liue.  
Yet money I esteeme a precious thing,  
Because it beares the picture of my King:

## *The Begger.*

Vnto my King I will a seruant be,  
And make his pictures seruants vnto me.  
One onely Begg'ry euer I'll embrace,  
Ile beg for grace, of him that can giue grace,  
Who all thinges feedes and fills, and ouer-seeth,  
Who giues, and casteth no man in the teeth.  
So much for that, now to my Theame againe,  
What vertues Begg'ry still doth entertaine.  
First amongst Beggers, there's not one in twenty,  
But hath the Art of memory most plenty:  
When those that are possesst with riches store  
(If e're they were in Beggers state and poore)  
They quite forget it, and will euer hate  
The memory of any Beggers state.  
For fortune, fauour, or benignity,  
May rayse a Begger vnto Dignity:  
When like a bladder, puffed with pride and pelfe,  
Hee'l neither know his betters, nor himselfe,  
But if a Begger hath bin wealthy euer,  
He from his minde puts that remembrance neuer.  
And thus if it be Rightly vnderstood,  
A beggers Memory is euer good,  
Nor he by Gluttony, or swinish surfet,  
Doth purchase Sicknes with his bodies forfeit.  
On bonds or bills, he borrowes not, or lends,  
He neither by extortion gets or spends.  
No Vsury he neither takes or giues:  
Oppresse he cannot, yet oppressed he liues.  
Nor when he dyes, he leaues no wrangling heyres  
To lose by Law that which was his or theirs.  
Men that are blinde in Iudgement may see this,  
Which of the Rich, or Beggers hath most blisse:



## The Begger.

On which most pleasure, Fortune seemes to hurle,  
The Lowsie begger, or the gowty Churle:  
The Ragged begger sitting in the Stocks,  
Or the Embrodered Gallant with the Pocks.  
A Begger euery way is *Adams* Son,  
For in a Garden *Adam* first begun:  
And so a Begger euen from his birth,  
Doth make his Garden the whole entire Earth.  
The fieldes of Corne doth yeeld him straw and bread  
To Feed and Lodge, and Hat to hide his head:  
And in the stead of Cut-throat slaughtering Shambles,  
Each Hedge allowes him Berryes from the brambles.  
The Bullesse, hedge Peake, Hips and Hawes, and Sloes,  
Attends his appetite where e're he goes:  
As for his Sallets, better neuer was,  
Then acute Sorrell, and sweet three leau'd Grasse,  
And as for Sawce he seldome is at Charges,  
For euery Crabtree doth affoord them Vergis.  
His banket, somtimes is greene Beanes and Peason,  
Nuts, Peares, Plumbes, Apples, as they are in season.  
His musicke waytes on him in euery bush,  
The Mauis, Bulfinch, Blackbird and the Thrush:  
The mounting Larke, sings in the lofty Sky,  
And Robin Redbreast makes him melody.  
The Nightingale chants most melodiously,  
The chirping Sparrow, and the chattering Pye.  
My neighbour Cuckow, alwayes in one tune,  
Sings like a Townsman still in May and Iune.  
These feather'd Fiddlers, sing, and leape and play,  
The begger takes delight, and God doth pay.  
Moreouer (to accomplish his Content)  
There's nothing wants to please his sight or sent.

## *The Begger.*

The Earth embrodered with the various hew  
Of Greene, Red, Yellow, Purple, Watchet, Blew :  
Carnation, Crimson, Damaske, spotles White,  
And euery colour that may please the sight.  
The odoriferous Mint, the Eglantine,  
The Woodbine, Primrose, and the Cowslip fine,  
The Honisuckle, and the Daffadill,  
The fragrant Time, delights the Begger still.  
He may plucke Violets in any place  
And Rue, but very seldome hearbe of Grace:  
Harts-ease he hath and Loue and Idle both,  
It in his bones hath a continuall growth.  
His Drinke he neuer doth goe farre to looke,  
Each Spring's his Host, his Hostesse is each Brooke :  
Where he may quaffe and too't againe by fits,  
And neuer stand in feare to hurt his wits,  
For why that Ale, is Grandam Natures brewing,  
And very seldome sets her Guests a spewing;  
Vnmixt, and vnsophisticated drinke,  
That neuer makes men stagger, reele and winke.  
Besides a begger hath this pleasure more,  
He neuer payes, or neuer goes on score:  
But let him drinke and quaffe both night and day,  
Ther's neither Chalke, nor Post, or ought to pay.  
But after all this single-soal'd small Ale,  
I thinke it best to tell a merry tale:

There was a Rich hard miserable Lord,  
That kept a knauish Foole at bed and boord,  
(As Great men oft affected haue such Elues,  
And lou'd a Foole, as they haue lou'd themselues.)  
But Nature to this Foole such vertue gaue,  
Two simples in one Compound, *Foole* and *Knaue*.



## *The Begger,*

This Noble Lord, Ignobly did oppresse  
His Tenants, raising Rents to such excesse:  
That they their states not able to maintaine,  
They turn'd starke beggers in a yeare or twaine.  
Yet though this Lord were too too miserable,  
He in his House kept a well furnish'd Table:  
Great store of Beggers dayly at his Gate,  
Which he did feed, and much Compassionate.  
(For 'tis within the power of mighty men  
To make five hundred Beggers, and feed Ten.)  
At last, vpon a time the Lord and's Foole,  
Walk'd after Dinner their hot bloods to coole,  
And seeing three or fourescore Beggers stand  
To seeke Reliefe from his hard Clutched hand,  
The Nobleman thus spake his Foole vnto,  
Quoth he, what shall I with these Beggers doe?  
Since (quoth the Foole) you for my Iudgement call,  
I thinke it best we straight wayes hang them all.  
That were great pittie, then the Lord reply'd,  
For them and me our Sauour equall dy'd:  
Th'are Christians (although beggers) therefore yet  
Hanging's vncharitable, and vnfit.  
Tush (said the Foole) they are but beggers thoe,  
And thou canst spare them, therefore let them goe:  
If thou wilt doe, as thou hast done before,  
Thou canst in one yeare make as many more.  
And he that can picke nothing from this tale,  
Then let him with the begger drinke small Ale.  
Thus is a Begger a strange kinde of creature,  
And begg'ry is an Art that liues by Nature:  
For he neglects all Trades, all Occupations,  
All functions, Mysteries, Artes, and Corporations.

## The Begger.

Hee's his owne Law, and doth euen what he list,  
And is a perfit right *Gimnosophist*.

A Phylosophicall *Pithagoras*,  
That without care his life away doth passe.

A Begger neuer growes  
mad with too  
much study.

A Lawyer must for what he gets take paines,  
And study night and day, and toyle his braines,  
With dilligence to sift out Right from Wrong,  
Writes, trauels, pleades, with hands, and feet, and tong.

And for to end Debate, doth oft debate  
With Rhetoricke, and Logicke Intricate:

And after all his trauell and his toyle,  
If that part which he pleads for get the foyle,

The Clyent blames the Lawyer, and the Lawes,  
And neuer mindes the badnes of his Cause.

Tis better with a Begger that is Dumbe,  
Whose tongue-lesse mouth doth onely vtter mum:

In study, and in care, no time he spends,  
And hath his busines at his fingers ends.

Dumbe Rhetorick moues  
Charity.

And with dumbe Rhetoricke, and with Logicke mute,  
Liues and gaines more, then many that Dispute.

If case a Begger be olde, weake or Ill,  
It makes his gaines, and commings in more still;

The weake  
Beggers haue  
a great aduan-  
tage ouer the  
strong.

When beggers that are strong, are paide with mocks,  
Or threatned with the Cage, the VVhip, or Stocks.

Hee's better borne then any Prince or Peere,  
In's Mothers wombe three quarters of a yeare:

Beggers (for  
th' most part)  
well borne.

And when his birth hath made her belly slacke,  
Shee foure or five yeares, beares him at her backe,

He liues as if it were Grim *Saturnes* Raigne,  
Or as the Golden age were come againe.

Vertues that  
Beggers haue

Moreouer many vertues doe attend  
On Beggers, and on them doe they depend:

Humility.



# The Begger.

Humility's a Vertue, and they are  
 In signe of Humblenes, continuall bare:  
 And Patience is a vertue of great worth,  
 Which any begger much expresseth forth,  
 I saw a Begger Rayl'd at, yet stood mute,  
 Before a Beadle, of but base Repute.  
 For Fortitude a begger doth excell,  
 There's nothing can his valiant courage quell:  
 Nor heate or colde, thirst, hunger, Famines rage,  
 He dares out-dare Stocks, whipping-posts, or Cage.  
 Hee's of the greatest Temperance vnder heauen,  
 And (for the most part) feeds on what is giuen.  
 He waytes vpon a Lady, of high price,  
 Whose birth-place was Coelestiall paradise.  
 One of the Graces, a most heavenly Dame,  
 And *Charity's* her all admired Name:  
 Her hand's ne're shut, her glory is in giuing,  
 On her the Begger waytes, and gets his liuing.  
 His State's more ancient then a Gentleman,  
 It from the Elder brother (*Caine*) began:  
 Of Runagates and vagabonds hee was  
 The first that wandring o're the earth did passe.  
 But what's a Vagabond and a Runagate?  
 True Annagramatiz'd I will relate:

Humility.

Patience.

Fortitude.

Temperance.

It waytes on  
 Charity a  
 worthy boun-  
 tisfull Mistres.

Antiquity.

Beggery de-  
 scended from  
*Caine*, who was  
 the first man  
 that euer was  
 borne, & heire  
 apparant to  
 the whole  
 world.

RYNAGATE,

Annagram,

A GRAVNT.

TO VAGABONDE,

Annagram,

GAVE A BOND.

And many well borne Gallants, mad and fond,  
 Haue with a Graunt, so often Gaue a Bond;

## *The Begger.*

Honour.

And wrap'd their states so in a Parchment skin,  
They Vagabonds and Runagates haue bin.  
A begger's nob'ly borne, all men will yeeld,  
His getting and his birth b'ing in the field:  
And all the world knowes 'tis no idle fable,  
To say and sweare the field is honourable.

Curtisie.

A begger is most courteous when he begges,  
And hath an excellent skill in making legges:  
But if he could make Armes but halfe so well,  
For Herauldry his cunning would excell.

Security.

A begger in great safety doth remaine,  
He's out of danger to be rob'd or flaine:  
In feare and perill he is neuer put,  
And (for his wealth) no thiefe his throat will cut.

Bounty.

He's farre more bountifull then is a Lord,  
A world of hangers on at bed and boord:  
Which he doth lodge, and daily cloath and feed,  
Them and their Issue, that encrease and breed;

Power.

For 'tis disparagement, and open wrong,  
To say a begger's not a thousand strong:  
Yet haue I seene a begger with his Many,

Frugality.

Come in at a Play-house, all in for one penny.  
And though of creatures Lice are almost least,  
Yet is a Lowse a very valiant beast.

But did not strength vnto her courage want,  
She would kill Lyon, Beare, or Elephant.  
What is it that she can but she dares do,  
She'll combate with a King, and stand to't to:  
She's not a starter like the dust-bred-Flea,  
She's a great trauailer by land and sea,  
And dares take any Lady by the Rea.  
She neuer from a battell yet did flye,



## *The Begger.*

For with a Souldier she will liue and dye.  
And sure (I thinke) I said not much amis,  
To say a Lowse her selfe a souldier is.  
An Hoast of Lice did to submission bring  
Hard-harted *Pharch.* the Egyptian King.  
But when these cruell creatures doe want meate,  
Mans flesh and blood like Canibals they eate.  
They are vnto the begger Natures gifts,  
Who very seldome puts them to their shifts.  
These are his Guard, which will not him forsake,  
Till Death a course doth of his carkasse make.  
A begger liues here in this vale of sorrow,  
And trauels here to day, and there to morrow.  
The next day being neither here, nor there:  
But almost no where, and yet euery where.  
He neuer labours, yet he doth expresse  
Himselfe an enemy to Idlenesse.  
In Court, Campe, Citie, Countrey, in the Ocean  
A begger is a right perpetuall motion,  
His great deuotion is in generall,  
He either prays for all, or preyes on all.  
And it is vniuersally profest,  
From South to North, from East vnto the West.  
On his owne merits he will not relie,  
By others mens good works he'll liue and die.  
That begg'ry is most nat'rall all men know,  
Our naked comming to the wolrd doth show:  
Not worth a simple rotten ragge, or clout,  
Our seely carkasses to wrap about.  
That it will is, and hath perpetuall bin,  
All goe as naked out, as they came in,  
We leaue our cloathes, which were our couers here,

A Begger is  
no shifting  
fellow.  
True friend-  
ship.

Beggers are  
trauellers.

He is seldom  
idle, though  
hee neuer  
works.

Deuotion.  
Vniuersa-  
lity.

He is a louer  
of good  
works.

Beggery is  
naturall, and  
generall to  
all the world.

Beggery is  
perpetuall.

For

## The Begger.

The genera-  
lity of beg-  
gerie.  
It is most ne-  
cessary for e-  
uery one to  
liue and dye a  
Begger.

For Beggers that come after vs to weare.  
Thus all the world in generall beggers are,  
And all alike comes in, and goes out bare.  
And who so liues here in the best degree,  
Must (euery day) a daily begger bee:  
And when his life hath runne vnto his date,  
He dies a begger, or a reprobate.  
(Good Reader, pray misconster not this case,  
I mean no profanation in this place)  
Then since these vertues waite on beggery,  
As milde *Humility*, and *Charity*,  
With *Patience*, *Fortitude*, and *Courtesie*,  
And *Temprance*, *Honour*, *Health*, *Frugality*,  
*Security*, *Vniuersality*,  
*Necessity*, and *Perpetuity*,  
And since heau'n sends the Subiect and the Prince  
All Beggers hither, and no better hence,  
Since begg'ry is our portion, and our lot,  
Our Patrimony, birth-right, and what not:  
Let vs pursue our function, let vs do  
That (which by nature) we were borne vnto.  
And whil'st my Muse a little doth repose,  
I'll Character a Begger out in prose.

Now it followes, that I shew some part of their formes, ca-  
riage, manners, and behauour, their seuerall Garbs, tones,  
and salutations that they acost their Clyents or Benefactors  
withall, for they can wisely, and discretely suite their  
Phrase and language, to bee correspondent to their owne  
shapē, and suteable to whomsoever they begge of, as for  
example suppose a Begger bee in the shape or forme  
of a maundering, or wandering Souldier, with one arme,  
legge,



## The Begger.

leg, or eye, or some such maim; then imagine that there passeth by him some Lord, Knight, or scarce a Gentleman, it makes no matter which, then his Honour or his Worship shall be affronted in this manner:

*Braue man of Honour, cast a fauourable looke vpon the wounded estate of a distressed Gentleman, that hath borne Armes for his Countrey in the hottest broyles of the Netherlands, with the losse of his members; Cleueland hath felt my strength; I haue bickered with the French, at Brest & Deep; I haue past the Straights, the dangerous Gulph: the Groyne can speake my seruice (Right Honorable) with no lesse then two dangerous hurts hardly brought off from Bummil Leaguer, which I would unwillingly discouer to your manlinesse, whose beliefe shall be therein as much available as eye-sight. Fortune hath onely left me a tongue to bemoane my losses, and one eye to be a witnesse of your noble bountie; I would be loth to weary your Lordship with the relations of my trauels, to whom the storie of these warres are as familiar as to my self; your worthy liberalitie is the spurre to valour, and the sauegard of his country; and in your honorable memorie my tong shall supplie the defects of my limbes, and proclaime your merit through the 17 Prouinces, whither your bountie shall beare this witherd bodie, to interre it with the bloud which I left there as a pledge of my returne.*

This is the martiall or decaied military kind of begging; which if he speed, then he can fit himselfe with a prayer accordingly, for the prosperitie of his liberall benefactor, as thus:

*Peace be to thy loines (Right honourable) and plentie at thy boord, oppression in the country, and extortion in the citie; embroder thy carkas, and keepe thy Concubine constant, that Taylers may sue to thee for worke, more then for pai-*

## The Begger.

ment, and Sericants may stand and gaze at thy faire progresse by the Compters, whilst thy coach-mares shall whurrie thee free from Attachments.

Then (after a scrub or a shrug) you must conceiue that he meetes with a Lawyer, and fitting his phrase to his language, he assaults him thus, and ioynes issue.

Humbly sheweth to your good worship, your poore suppliant hauing aduanced his bill in the late warres of Sweden Copenhage and Stock Holland; after Replications in particular, and Reioynders drawne, with bloudy pens and dreadful characters, your petitioner ioyned issue in that fearfull day of hearing, at the grand cast'e of Smolesco, where he came off with the losse of his inheritance, hauing the euidence of his limbes violently rent from him, to make open passage to the beniuolent charitie of such of such pious persons as is your good worship, for you are the true souldiers of the country, whose warres concerne the domestique peace of our nation, as such as my selfe doth the forreine. My breeding was Gentle, Sir, and my birth English, a younger brother, driven to my shifts, to auoide the foule accidents of home-bred miseries; I measured forrein paces, and was deliuerd abroad of my breeding at home, in which estate the hand of your bounty must support me, or else calamitie will crawle ouer me, which hath no Surgeon but the gallowes, to which I hope the law will not deliuer me, seeing it carries so faire a face as the reuerend aspect of your maisterships countenance.

By this time you must suppose that his bounty being awak'd, he giues him somewhat; when with a correspondent prayer he thus takes his beneuole.

May the Termes be euerlasting to thee, thou man of tong, and my contentions grow and multiply, may Actions beget Actions, and Cases engender Cases as thicke as hops, may  
every



## The Begger.

every day of the yeare be a Shrouetue day; let Proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battry, that thy Cassock may be three pilde, and the welts of thy gowne may not grow shred bare.

Perhaps he meetes with some countrey Farmer, or some honest Ruffet home-spun plaine-dealing plow-iogger, whom he assaults with a volley of lyes and brauadoes, in maner and forme following.

You shall do well to take notice (countryman and friend) that I am a souldier and a gentleman, who hauing bin made Fortunes tennis ball, was lately cast upon these coasts of my country by the mercilesse crueltie of the raging tempestuous seas, where I haue bin in that distresse that the whole Christian world durst not so much as looke on: mine Armes hath bin feared by all the enemies that euer beheld them aduanc'd, and my command hath bin dreadfull through Europe, Asia, Africa and America, from the Suns Easterne rising to his westerne declination. I was the first man that entred (despight the mouth of the cannon) into the famous city of Portegia, a citie fve times greater then Constantinople, where the great Turke then kept his Seraglio, Bascha Caphy, Bascha Inda, and Mustapha Despot of Seruia being my prisoners, whose ransomes yeelded my sword three millions of Hungarian duckets; with which returning, thinking to make thee and the rest of my nation rich, the sh'p which transported me (being overladen) tooke such a leak that she sunke, not a mortall eye being able to see one pennie of that uncountable treasure, my selfe (as you see preserued) a miserable spectacle of unfortunate chance, for getting astride upon a demyculuering of brasse, I was weather-beaten three leagues on shore, as you see, an ominous map of manquelling calamitie, to the reliefe whereof, my fellow and friend, (for so my

## The Begger.

now pouertie makes me vouchsafe to call thee) I must intreat thy manhood, by offering a parcell of thy substance; make no delayes, Sir, for I would be loth to exercise my valour on thee, and make thee the first Christian that should feeble the impregnable strength and vigour of my victorious arm, which hath done to death so many Turks, Pagans and Infidels as cannot truly be numbred.

After all this superfluous fustian, the poore man unwillingly drawes and giues him some small mite, more for feare or lying, then either for loue or charitie. His fury being abated, he takes his leaue thus:

*Faire be thy Haruest, and foule thy winter, that plentie may fil thy barnes, and feare of scarcitie raise thy price, may thy Landlord liue unmarried, that thy fine may not be raisde, to buy thy new Landladie a French petticoate or a new Blockt Beauer, nor thy rents raisde to keepe her tire in fashion.*

INuention many thousand waies could go,  
To shew their variations to and fro:

For as vpon the soule of man attends,  
The world, the flesh, the diuell, (three wicked friends)  
So likewise hath a begger other three,  
With whom his humour neuer could agree.

A Iustice, to the world he doth compare,  
And for his flesh, a Beadle is a snare:  
But he that he of all accounts most euill,  
He thinks a Constable to be the deuill.  
And 'tis as easie for him as to drinke,  
To blind the world, and make a Iustice winke:  
The Beadle (for the flesh) 'is little paine,  
Which smart he can recouer soone againe.

A Iustice of  
peace is as the  
world to a beg-  
ger, a Beadle as  
the flesh, and a  
Constable as  
the diuell.  
A Iustice will  
wink or conniue  
at a beggers  
faults often,  
partly for pity,  
& partly to a-  
void trouble.  
A whipping will  
be soone cured.

But



## The Begger.

But yet the Diuells (the Constable) a spirit,  
From hole to hole that hunts him like a ferret,  
Both day and night he haunts him as a ghost,  
And of all furies he torments him most.  
All's one for that, though some things fa'l out ill,  
A begger seldome rides vp Holborne hill:  
Nor is he taken with a theeuish trap,  
And made dispute with Doctor *Stories* \*cap.  
A common theefe, for euery groate he gaines,  
His life doth venture, besides all his paines:  
For euery thing he eates, or drinckes, or weares,  
To lose his cares, or gaine a rope he feares.  
But for a begger, be it hee or shee,  
They are from all these choaking dangers free.  
And though (for sinne) when mankind first began,  
A curse was laid on all the race of man,  
That of his labours he should liue and eate,  
And get his bread by trauell and by sweate:  
But if that any from this curse be free,  
A begger must he be, and none but he.  
For euery foole most certainly doth know,  
A begger doth not dig, delue, plow, or sow:  
He neither harrowes, plants, lops, fels, nor rakes,  
Nor any way he paines or labour takes.  
Let swine be meazeld, let sheepe die and rot,  
Let moraine kill the cattell, he cares not:  
He will not worke and sweat, and yet hee'l feed,  
And each mans labour must supply his need.  
Thus without paines or care, his life hee'l spend,  
And liues vntill he dies, and there's an end.

A Constable is  
a Bugbeare to  
a begger.

\* Tyburne.

## The Begger.

But this reckning do of beggry make,  
That it much better is to giue then take:  
Yet if my substance will not serue to giue,  
Lie (of my betters) take, with thanks, and liue.

FINIS.





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